THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADELAIDE;

OR, A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

A FRAGMENT.

Translated from Le Poète, ou Mémoires d'un homme de lettres.

[Continued from p. 276.]

There are situations which we can only indicate: the present is of the number...An equal embarrassment presided over the reciprocal expressions of politeness customary on a first introduction, between the interesting girl and me.

We blundered out...she in deeply blushing, and I in robbing from the rain-bow, and by turns assuming all its colours...Sir, you are too good...Mademoiselle, you do me too much honour... &c. &c...succeeded by so many reverences and bows, that you would have supposed we were contending for a wager on politeness. At last, by announcing the dinner, they relieved us from our distress..." These ladies are provided...*Adelaide*, my child, come take the arm of our young man, for he will never dare to offer it."...Good father !...Worthy and respectable man !...how shall we esteem you, how shall we love you, when in the course of this history we shall know you better !

It was this moment that taught me the name of Adelaide, to whom I had thus the happiness to be squire. To overwhelm me with delight, it appeared agreeable to the good father to seat us beside each other at the table. The more of pleasure, the more of embarrassment. I must be ingenuous. Adelaide's seventeen years and my eighteen, knew not how to act in this first interview, so unexpected, so unhoped for All that the awkwardness of politeness, all that the misapplication of attentions, all that the reverse of the smallest cares, have of richness, were liberally displayed at this repast. Did Adelaide wish to drink, I offered her pastry—had she occasion for a plate, I was ready with bread—In short, proceeding from mistake to mistake. Had they thought of observing me, they must have penetrated my secret, which happily was discovered only by herself. A whole month of the war of eyes had said enough to engage her indulgence in favour of all my errours: she saw the cause of them and they did not offend her.

But what was still more distressing was, that when they commenced to feel the influence of good cheer, they began also to find us charming : and compliments the most extravagant, eulogies the most undisguised, (which put to the torture those who are unhappily their object, or more properly, who have the misery to be the breast-plate against which they are directed,) were lavished from every tongue.

It is not easy to express the sensations which all this extravagant praise produced in two children with feelings such as ours. Our silence had become extremely painful, even before we were thus publickly stretched on the rack. For my part, I never in my life remember to have been so disconcerted. I knew not what sort of countenance to assume, nor to what Saint in the callendar I ought to pray. "Ah ! what an air of spirit those two have."—"How modest they appear"—"What a beautiful couple they would make"—and a heap of such nonsense, enough to turn a head the best organized possible.

At last the desert. The conversation you will suppose is changed. Not at all. The object, not the subject of it is changed : still it turns upon us, but in a different manner. My very honoured father had spoken of my voice ; that of Adalaide had praised the vocal powers of his daughter. "Come, let us have some little songs, some charming duos"—No escaping...But for the present I must be allowed to say the truth, after the first apprehensions had subsided, I could have sung with Adelaide unceasingly for a whole eternity.

What a voice, full, free, unctuous, and sonorous !... What compass !...What expression !...What taste !...What an elegant and pure method !...Jeliotte had been her master ; and they did entire honour to each other.

The career of song once opened in certain societies, it is no easy matter to oppose its course. We sang arriette on arriette, duo on duo. It appeared as if our parents divined my sentiments, and wished to favour them ; taking a pleasure in searching for those airs which contained the most unequivocal declaration ; and, what was better, the most detailed. Take, for example, one from *Rose* and *Colas*, beginning,

M'aimes tu ?.....Ah ! comme je t'aime !
And dost thou love !....Ah ! how I love thee !

I hope this could leave nothing to desire by two innamorati.

In truth, after having conquered our first timidity, we began to feel, what our gay companions at table thought, that our voices were married to each other, and mutually encreased their own value ; at least by the intelligence we imparted to them, and from the reciprocal attention which we paid to the sounds, that we might the better understand, and that we might not disconcert one another.

Somewhat emboldened, I now ventured to risk my little Romance of the Morning. It is very feeble ; but I should betray

my design, and my promise to my readers, if I did not give it to them just as it then was. It is not entirely a declaration, but it might very well hold the place of one.

ROMANCE.

The young Annetta's charms to sing,
Ye woodland muses gather round;
Here hover on the silent wing,
And give your voice its sweetest sound.
Were it a thousand times more sweet,
Did there each tender accent meet,
She claims your song whose thrilling sound
Your most enchanting notes confound!

The young Annetta's breast to grace,
Ye gayest flow'rets quit the field;
Display, on that exalted place,
Each beauty which your colours yield:
Wise nature has those beauties made,
In such an envied bliss to fade;
Haste then upon her bosom die,
And fill your happy destiny!

The young Annetta to adore,
Be yours, ye breasts to feeling true;
A nymph more perfect ne'er before,
Was offer'd to your ardent view:
We see, our hearts receive her chains
Who can escape what love ordains!
Yet love himself no passion knows,
So pure as in my bosom glows!

Is that your song of this morning?...Yes, my dear papa..... It is by him...By himself!...Written this morning.....Charming!...and no doubt he has written many others...It is true, within this month I have written several...Adelaide blushed.... I must repeat the song.

As we rose from table, the worthy father, transported, made me embrace his daughter; and engaged my father to permit that I might come from time to time, to visit his family, and sing duos with Adelaide.

O tender parents! who listen only to the goodness of your own hearts, it is thus that your experience is often betrayed by your complacency! You collect the dangers yourselves...You put the match to the powder with your own hand, and the explosion is made...You lament when it is no longer time; and are not always sufficiently just to admit that your own imprudent security was the cause of your misfortune!

Be that as it may, I placed among the number of most happy events, the permission to appear at pleasure in a house, the then depositary of all the world contained of treasure or of bliss for me.

As the history which I am now engaged in tracing is rather detailed, and filled with circumstances infinitely interesting, at

least to the actors, I have thought it a duty to display, in miniature, to my readers, the portraits of the principal persons who are to make a figure in it.

Lovely as the beauty of angels, bright as their celestial radiance, ADELAIDE was yet mild and innocent as they ! Should we have desired a just idea of virtue, amiable without pomp, without pretension, without that alloy of pride which conceals or tarnishes its lustre ; of that natural virtue which accompanies simplicity of manners, severity towards itself, and indulgence towards others ? in short did we wish to behold real and unabused virtue, we had only to turn our eyes towards ADELAIDE, and we must instantly have exclaimed... HERE IS WHAT WE SEEK !

What an assemblage of sentiments, more interesting the one than the other, expanded and warmed that pure soul !...what affectionate love for the best of fathers !...what unaffected tenderness for a wise and respectable mother, the enlightened friend of her daughter ! what submission to the will of both !... what affection and gratitude for a good and adoring governess, who had seen her born, had nursed, and still administered to her !...what humanity !...what sensibility ! what ready beneficence for the miserable, whom she succoured in secret as liberally as others were disposed to lament their sufferings aloud ! Add to all those inestimable qualities of the heart, a refinement of mind, a delicacy of judgment, and a strength of reason, very rarely met with, even in an age more advanced and experienced than hers. She had read the best authors, and had carefully read them. Her taste was formed by, and her memory furnished from the best works, both in poetry and prose.... Painting and music had in her a warm friend and practician... She touched the harpsicord in a superiour manner, which had not yet given way to the piano-forte. But with so many virtues, so many talents, what was still more worthy admiration, was that she alone appeared absolutely ignorant that she was their depositary ; and never imagined that their possession elevated her to such an immense height above her companions...Not only did she *appear*, but was *really* unconscious of her superiority... She thought it very natural to be what she was ; and believed that all others of her age and sex equalled or surpassed her... Thus the most unassuming and unassumed modesty completed the catalogue of the merits of ADELAIDE, and gave them their most striking display, by alone concealing their brilliancy.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Quid enim laboro nisi ut veritas explicetur... Tul. Tusc. quest.

Though the universality of an opinion is an argument not unfrequently adduced for its support, and though it must be admit-

ted to be by no means destitute of force, we cannot assert that it is always incontrovertible. To contradict notions generally adapted is bold, and an attempt to refute them may be considered as a certain indication of extreme arrogance and presumption; yet it shall be my task to endeavour to correct one which has not yet yielded to the force of reason, or sunk beneath the weight of time. But a false opinion supported by numerous adherents, still remains as false as if it had but a single advocate. 'Tis time to check the growth of an opinion deleterious to the community, and if possible, to destroy it before it acquires too much strength, and before it produces mischief of greater magnitude than it has already done.

The uncertainty of the law, the craft and knavery of lawyers and the expence of law-suits, has for a great length of time, been a theme of wit, merriment, declamation and invective; but few of those who are convinced of the absolute necessity of law and legal forms, of the general integrity of lawyers, and of the unavoidable expence of law-suits, have ventured to say a word in opposition to such an opinion of law and lawyers, tho' false and pernicious. The prejudices and obstinacy of mankind, will not allow this errour to be annihilated by a single stroke of the pen. I well know some knowledge of the law is requisite in order to answer the objections which have been made against it, and am conscious of the difficulty of adapting language to the understanding of those who are ignorant of that stupendous science, for to lawyers I do not address myself. But I am not fearful that the defence I purpose cannot be made, nor am I doubtful of its being laudable and worthy of my greatest exertion.

If the attacks which have been made on law and lawyers, had been directed by a sportive humour alone, in search of a subject of laughter, there would have been little cause for a serious reply. As the mode of attack has lately become systematic and been conducted with more vigour and animosty than formerly, it is necessary to use the most proper means for repelling of them. The number of the enemies of the law increasing, it is the duty of every lover of his country to stand in defence of the strongest bulwark of its liberty, and the only security of the lives, happiness and property of its citizens.—With regard to the gentlemen of the bar, the obtuse raillery and coarse ribaldry which has been immemorially bestowed on them, with profusion, has hitherto been productive of no dangerous effect; but as they are now described as useless members, and even pests of society, a few sentences in their favour will not be superfluous. That men of their profession who have been notoriously and uniformly the supporters of liberty in every country, should be so reviled, is surely sufficient to excite indignation. Should I fail in my attempt, I shall have the satisfaction of being unknown, and shall console myself with the reflexion, that many will say of me, "magnis tamen excidit ausis."...*(To be continued.)* ALEXIS.

For the Observer.

I am induced to offer the following reflections, because if they are not amusing, they may, at least, prove useful to those who form the largest portion of your readers. Business and study have kept me much out of the circles of the fashionable and gay, yet not so much as seldom to have given me an opportunity of observing how much your publication, if properly directed, might be made subservient to the public good. Against the enlightened Editor, I prefer no complaint.....The productions which have fallen occasionally from her pen, evince a knowledge of the human heart, and a delicacy of taste which eminently qualify her to discharge the duties of her occupation.....Against those only I would be understood to speak, who not having yet learned the true end and scope of writing, presume to fill the pages of The Observer with their speculations. To them I would recommend a profound maxim from the excellent Boileau :

*Avant d'ecrire, apprenez a penser.

If, instead of commenting upon ridiculous anecdotes and ridiculous characters, infinitely more calculated to corrupt than improve the public mind, they applied themselves to those principles which regulate the understanding and the taste, they might atchieve something more honourable to themselves and more worthy those whom they presume to instruct. To reform the little inelegancies of manner, which cannot but exist in a young and growing place like Baltimore, and to correct those infelicities of diction so common among the largest portion of our inhabitants, ought to have been their first and primary object.... Sorry, however, am I to observe, that few or no attempts seem yet to have been made, towards diffusing, particularly among the female part of the city, a spirit of literary enquiry, and what is of more importance, a taste for polite and accurate expression. Nothing in my opinion more distinguishes or adorns the well bred person, than the accomplishment I speak of...and yet there is scarcely any thing in which some of our pretenders to fashion and style are more wretchedly deficient. It would, however, sound too much like common declamation, to expatiate here, largely on the disadvantages of inelegant diction. Its effects must be apparent to every person of common sense. Nothing so much obscures and degrades the brightest qualities. Even great talents by it lose something in the estimation of mankind : while inferiour parts, if aided by the charms of a polished elocution, acquire a lustre which renders them distinguished and engaging. Upon this branch therefore, of public instruction, I would have you employ the whole strength of your wit and learning. Chastise, and if it be possible, humble that ignorant pride which makes many of our fashionables think they have attained the summit of

* Before you write, learn to think.

elegance. I could make honourable mention of some in this place, not more adorned by the graces of person, than remarkable for brilliancy and accomplishment, who speak their language with elegance and propriety. But alas! their number is few; and were it much more considerable than it is, it would still be too small for a city which boasts so much luxury and wealth as Baltimore.

The fair sex, to their honour I speak it, are and ought to be in every nation the models of manners and refinement. From them man implicitly adopts his sentiments and opinions, and the moralist who would reform society, can not more successfully accomplish this his object than by correcting the faults and restraining the errours of the softer sex; with a respect for them the principle which upholds states and empires flourishes and decays. When laws and goverment have been despised and trampled under the feet of anarchic tyrants, rebellion has bowed its head before the shrine of beauty and prostrate recognised a generous loyalty to sex. Hardly need I, to confirm this truth, call up to remembrance the bloody acts of ferocity, which when these restraints were removed, desolated and deformed the fairest portion of the European world? The institution of chivalry, the boast of which is to have imposed upon a cruel and benighted age, the laws of humanity, and mitigated the ferocity of barbarism, is the source of those manners which so honourably distinguished modern Europe from the most brilliant periods of the antique world. Upon this establishment stood the ancient and splendid monarchy of France, and arts and civilization, and learning did homage to the spirit which gallantry inspired. But at length the institution which had stood throughout ages, the pride and boast of Frenchmen, began to yield to the influx of popular corruption; its ideas were ridiculed as the utmost extravagance of romance and folly; fearless innovators raised against it their unhallowed hands, and it perished amidst the horrours of a fearful dissolution. Maria Antoinette saw its last remains scattered to the winds. Good manners and good morals reciprocally aid and strengthen each other, and by maintaining over the one a cautious and unwavering regard, we may hope to sustain such a tone of publick manners as will most effectually secure the happiness and prosperity of our country.

Nor would I have you withold the like instructions from those who boast to be of the nobler sex. A sensible foreigner once said that the ladies of America were a century before the gentlemen in refinement. I shall not at present enquire into the truth of this opinion, but I fear I should find he had too much to justify the assertion. Long may our fair ones enjoy their superiority over us in all that exalts and dignifies the human character. If the utmost elegance of figure, if features which put to shame the vaunted master-pieces of Circassia, constitute perfection in women, let no rival city dare to dispute with

Baltimore the palm of excellence. But what are the brightest tints of complexion, what the divinity that emanates from beauty, compared with those intellectual accomplishments, those graces of the mind, in which I would have my fair country women excel...The proud usurping spirit of man would arrogate to itself the boasted honours of philosophy, let him enjoy this distinction, but let not, nor would I have woman, who was formed "to smooth the wrinkled brow of care," and to irradiate the gloom of life, extinguish the lively sparkles of her wit, and blanche the roses of her cheeks in the cold and secluded labours of learning. Be it her part to cultivate and improve those talents and charms, which, without force or opposition, subdue the fiercenes of pride, oblige power to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compel stern authority to bow to elegance, and "give a domination, vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners."

FIDELIUS.

POLITICAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Crimination of all the Powers of Europe.

FRANCE....*(Continued.)*

In the French army, I shall mention only three corps who, in one body, serve as a sufficient example.

The first is the regiment of *Vintimille*, whose subordinate officers, the Duke of Orleans had already corrupted. In recompence of their defection (which excited also that of part of the army, stationed round Paris in 1789) they were it is true, almost all immediately promoted to the rank of the officers whom they had obliged to fly; but in a single day, whilst they were with one of the armies of the north, a representative of the people suddenly gave orders to have *twenty-one shot* at once, and the rest broken and exiled.

The second of these corps was *a legion of renegade Priests*, organized and stationed at Domfront, in Normandy, in the last period of the civil war. There is no kind of devastation and ravage which these monsters did not commit with impunity, until having been continually placed on the most dangerous service, by every successive government, who all wished to get rid of them, they were at length finally destroyed by the sword of the CHOUANS.[1]

(1) After the defeat of the Vendean troops at Mans, (capital of the province of Maine) some remnants of this army having been joined by several of the inhabitants of Brittany and Normandy, who made their marches and expeditions only in the night, in consequence of the terrible laws which bore on the families of the insurgents; and besides, these troops, uttering certain cries in the woods, for the purpose of rallying each other, which had some resemblance to those of the *chouettes* or *chats-huants*, (screech owls) they received by way of abbreviation and corruption, the name of *Chouans*, which became so redoubtable to the republick. Many of those who

The third was that of the *Marseillais*, so famous in the annals of the revolutionary massacres. The 10th of August, the day on which the king was dethroned, these madmen marched with the columns of the insurgents of the suburbs of Paris, at the head of which, the Swiss guards already made them experience a very great loss. But after having presided at the murders of *September*; after having marked all their steps with the most odious crimes and endless assassinations, when they went to the department of the west, they were definitively cut in pieces by the Vendeans, after having fought like desperadoes.

Here I cannot omit Westerman, who had commanded them at Paris, the day of the 10th of August. He had since rendered the republic a no less important service, when in 1793 he surprised the royal army at *Mans*, commanded by Prince Talmont and de la Rochejaquelin, a part of which he cut in pieces !..... Hardly were the trophies of the sacred vases, the scarfs and white colours which had been taken from the royalists, triumphally sent to Paris, than the convention which he had just saved, decapitated him.

If again, we follow the steps of the generals, how many shall we see perish by treachery, or sword in hand ! amongst the victims of the former kind, it is well known that Hoche, who had commanded against the Vendeans, was poisoned, just after he had marched against Paris, to keep that city in subjection by terrour at the period called the 18th Fructidor, year 6, (1797) in which the Directory had carried off from the midst of the legislative body, the generals Pichegru, Willot, Murinais, and with them the flower of the well-disposed persons who yet remained in France, and who, at this epocha constituted its hope. It is known also, that the terrourist Championet experienced the same fate at Nice, after having undergone a trial; that Kleber was assassinated in Egypt, by an intrigue since sufficiently made public.

As for the second order of these wretches, I shall confine myself to mentioning some names of those best known in the history of the revolutionary war; because, by a statement made and printed at Paris in 1797, it was ascertained that at that time a hundred and eleven republican officers general, had ended tragically, in different ways. Amongst the crowd of those whom the furies of war destroyed, it will suffice to mention the gene-

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have written on the civil war of France, have advanced that this name was given to the royalists, because one of them named *Chouin*, figured in these commotions. It is true that there were three brothers of this name, who distinguished themselves by their intrepidity in the commencement of this dreadful war; but besides that, they were only simple labourers, unknown and without talents, they perished all three at once, on the scaffold at the lastest in 1794, that is to say, so early, that their names must have remained in obscurity, and could not have influenced in occasioning a denomination of this nature.

rals Marceau, Dugommier, Gouvion, Dampierre, Joubert, Desaix, and Duphault,[2] killed at Rome in an insurrection of the people...The generals Lannusse. le Bon and Cafarelli, killed in Egypt; general Rampon, killed in one of the assaults of St. Jean d'Acre; and in the naval army, admiral Bruys, killed at the battle of Aboukir, and admiral Villeneuve, who stabbed himself at Brest, as if to expiate the death of admiral Nelson, whom he had seen fall covered with laurels at Trafalgar.

Certainly we cannot in such an enumeration forget the body of the army. I will ask then, if the death of Louis the XVI. and the crimes of the revolution, have not been sufficiently avenged by the destruction of 1,500,000 *French soldiers*, who have lost their lives, either in battle, or in the hospitals, where they were often more inhumanly treated than the vilest animals; I say 1,500,000 men; because when Buonaparte, like Cromwell drove away the *rump parliament* at the famous affair of St. Cloud, he accused the revolution with having cost the lives *of one million of French soldiers*; he did not exaggerate. Now since this period, that is, since 1799, the army of Egypt, and the army of St. Domingo, have been reduced to nothing; the battle of Marengo, and the campaign which followed it in Italy and Germany; after that the war of Austria terminated by the battle of Austerlitz, and the existing war since the battle of Jena, until the present day; together with the unfortunate engagements of the French marine—this succession of bloody events, certainly permit the supposition without exaggeration, that since seven years and a half, 500,000 men, may yet have been sacrificed.

I abridge these examples however, having yet to pass in review, several orders of persons who more or less, have shared the fate of those, whom they either persecuted, or to whose destruction they contributed.

It remains then for me to mention those artizans of the revolution, who having with difficulty escaped the scaffold, which threatened them more than once, have been at length reduced to languish and vegetate in a continual dread and obscurity which but ill answers no doubt, to the ambitious flame that devoured them, and to the fanaticism of independence which they had extolled with so much warmth.

The first that presents himself to my recollection is La Fayette, who was for a short time the idol of the Parisians; this

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[2] This tumult was stirred up at Rome by France, in order to have a pretext for taking possession of the person of Pope Pius VI. and carrying him off a prisoner General Duphault was sacrificed on this occasion which cost him his life, at the moment in which Buonaparte, then his friend, and general in chief of the army of Italy, was about to give him one of his sisters in marriage, who afterwards became Madame le Clerc and since the Princess Borghese. In mentioning this circumstance, it is necssary also to observe that citizen Fesch, since Cardinal, &c. &c. was then on a diplomtic mission a Rome.

La Fayette, who without genius, without boldness and without talent, had believed himself born to be the Washington of France; who had officially declared, that *insurrection was the most sacred of duties*; that the soldier who remained faithful to his former standard, could be considered but as a *deserter*; this La Fayette who had bargained for the life of his king, at the time of the *invasion* of the castle of Versailles the 6th of October 1789; who *slept* tranquilly whilst those for whom he had pledged himself, and from whom he had accepted the command were on the point of being massacred; who afterwards, with the last degree of baseness betrayed them at the time of the flight of Louis the XVI. to Varennes, and *who ordered the people not to salute* this unfortunate prince, when he returned a prisoner to his palace; this La Fayette who whilst he was commandant general of the national guards of Paris, with the view of forcing the tribunal of Chatelet to condemn the marquis de Favras to the gibbet (in the month of Feb. 1790) coldly said to his judges: "there are occasions in which victims are necessary to the people; if you do not condemn him, I cannot answer for your safety!" The end of his career of folly and irresolution is well known. He was detested by all parties, reduced to implore the generosity of the very powers whom he had reviled in his loquacious and factious harangues. He experienced by favour a hard captivity; lost his fortune in France, and returned to it after a long proscription, only to be the witness of the opprobium he had so justly merited. *(To be continued.)*

FOR THE OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON QURANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

(Continued from page 250.)

Having shewn that these scourges of our race cannot originate in any species of air, I am now to advert to the propagation of contagion, by means of contact. The small pox affords the most striking example of communication by personal intercourse; and as this has been long deemed the principal source of its general diffusion, we cannot be uselessly employed, whilst we bring it to the test of a rigid scrutiny. If we are led to a conviction that the opinions hitherto prevalent on this subject are erroneous, we shall be the less disposed to yield a willing assent to those that are equally unsupported on subjects of a similarly interesting nature. The following fact will shew how far contact is sufficient for accomplishing such a purpose, or in what degree it depends upon this for its general introduction into any country.

Doctor James Sims, in his observations on the epidemical diseases of the county of Tyrone in Ireland, second edition, printed at London in 1776, p. 36, gives us the following information... "About the autumnal equinox, bilious disorders declined, giving

way to the small-pox, that with unheard-of havock desolated the close of this year and the succeeding spring of 1767. They had appeared, above a year before, along the eastern coast of the kingdom, and proceeded slowly westward, with so even a pace, that a curious person might, with ease, have computed the rate of their progress. In this they were scarcely to be interrupted, as appeared by the following instance. The children of soldiers on their march, had brought them from other places to some towns here, during the preceding summer, and although they were of a malignant kind, the afflicted all dying, and therefore most fit to propagate the infection, *yet not one of the inhabitants received them*, until in their regular progress they had travelled over the intermediate space. As they had not visited the country for some years, numberless subjects were grown up for them to exercise their fury upon, and many blooming infants were just opening to the sun, in vain, since they were soon to be cropt by this unfeeling spoiler. Of thousands who caught the infection scarcely one half escaped, and even of these, some with the loss of one or both eyes, and several with faces so altered, as to be known, with difficulty by their most intimate acquaintances." ...How much cause have we for exultation in being blessed with the means of security from so merciless an enemy !

We have in this account a wonderful similarity in the nature of the morbid cause of plague and small-pox, in the circumstances attendant upon the introduction of the former into the island of Cyprus. The pestilence, specially when it exhibits open bubos and carbuncles, *may be* communicated, as well as the small-pox, from person to person ; brt when we consider how slowly this kind of intercourse must obtain, how long it must be before, in this way, it could reach the mass of the people, and when we know that whole districts have been, almost in the same moment, laid prostrate by epidemics, we must be convinced that a communication by contact alone, could never account for effects so extensive. It is very plain that no reasoning, hitherto adopted, has been sufficient to account for the introduction, propagation and mode of operating of epidemics. It has been evidently a series of guessing, from the earliest exercise of the mind on this subject, down to the present day, and we appear to be still as wide of the truth as were those who first made the attempt. The field therefore continues to be open for further investigation and from its vast importance, powerfully invites us to a diligent prosecution of the enquiry. It has long engaged my most earnest attention, and as I have the fullest persuasion that the discovery of what has been so perseveringly sought for, is within the reach of human intellect, I have, with the ingenious Bonnet, in the first volume, page 14, of his considerations on organized bodies, thus reasoned with myself.

" Shall I venture to add my conjectures on so intricate a subject, to those of so many of the ablest men in existence, who

have laboured at it so unsuccessfully ? a reflection which I believe to be correct has encouraged me to engage in the arduous task.

" We cannot too much multiply conjectures on obscure objects. They are so many lines by which we may be conducted to the truth, by different routes, and which may afford us an opportunity to make further discoveries than have been yet accomplished. Conjectures are the sparks, the fire at which the true philosopher illumines the torch of experience. I approve the modest timidity of philosophers who confine *themselves to facts,* but I cannot blame the ingenious boldness of those who sometimes penetrate beyond their limits. Let us indulge our imagination, provided reason holds the curb of this dangerous courser. In casting our regard on all the surrounding objects, we may form new conjectures and originate an unnoticed hypothesis ; we must not, however, forget that they are only conjectures, and that our hypothesis must not claim the credit of proof."

There is a principle which pervades the whole circle of nature, of which, in contemplating her, we should never lose sight ; it is that every individual existing is more or less a type of every other, although no two things whatsoever are exactly alike. This important axiom has not been duly attended to by those who have enquired into the distinguishing properties of the human race. As all things are deemed to be placed under the dominion of man, in contemplating his peculiar qualities, those which he possesses in commonwith other animals have been too much overlooked ; pride has so much blinded the understanding, as to have prevented a comparison which might appear humbling to his lofty pretensions. It will perhaps be discovered that a just comprehension of his lot upon this earth can in no other way be formed, than in scrutinizing the simularity of the law by which he is governed, in common with every created being.

There is no difficulty in believing that the principle of geniture, nutrition, and termination of life must be the same in every inhabitant of the earth, varying with the nature of each individual, and this will perhaps be found equally to extend to the vegitable and animal kingdoms. In the two first, men are generally agreed, so far as the proofs come within the sphere of the organs of sense ; the last is still involved in obscurity.

The bountiful author of all good has endowed man with extraordinary privileges ; he has enabled him to take an extensive survey, and to form a very accurate judgment with respect to the vast variety of objects by which he is surrounded. He has so formed the human mind as to be capable of penetrating far beyond the immediate objects of sense. By diligently comparing the relative properties of things that are exposed to view, he can, with a moral certainty, form conclusions that reach

far beyond this limited evidence. Such a capacity properly belongs to a being who has been honoured with communication from the creator of the universe. From man is claimed the adoration of his maker, and this claim is founded upon the excellencies of the divine works. To be enabled therefore to comprehend these excellencies is necessary to the admission of the claim, and to the obedience which it exacts.

The wonders of creation, although abundantly conspicuous to the most superficial eye, are increasingly astonishing as they cease to be obvious and are therfore continually inviting us to a diligent research. We are indeed well assured that by whatever investigations we have been preceded, there is still abundance that remains to be discovered to reward our most unwearied industry; as a further stimulus to our renewed efforts, we are so constructed as to make any important discovery a source of eminent reputation, it proves highly grateful to even the humblest mind. *(To be continued.)*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We assure "P," that his Ironsidiad did not go to the flames; it, together with some other tributes of esteem, that Beatrice has received, are gratefully treasured up: but modesty, in the first place, and next, not to revive old sources of contention, have induced her to sacrifice self-love, and forbear publishing them.

We don't precisely know what Alexis would be at, but we give his introduction to our readers, in hopes he will explain himself to advantage.

Our favourite Frederick's muse, does not keep pace with our wishes: we could not hear too often from this charming poet, but he now seldom, indeed too seldom, strikes his lyre for us.

Has P. N. too forgotten us?

We have love sick poets without number, who make us the repositary of their griefs: next week we will present our readers with a rich treat of divine poeticks, brought from Parnassus, on a high trotting Pegasus...Beatrice does not give them now because indisposition has deprived her of the requisite energy, for pointing out their sublime beauties.

ERRATA.—Page 281, for Asti, read Aosta.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO ELIZA.

You take the harp, the thrilling sound
  Floats on the ambient air,
You take the harp—and all around
  Your wond'rous pow'r declare.

Th' attentive ear, scarce conscious how,
  Seraphic joy receives,
And angels hovering round you bow,
  And heavenly sanction gives.

DELVES.

For the Observer.

VERSES

From the Italian of Leonardo Davinci—Addressed to a Florentine Lady, in Apology for not painting her portrait.

(WRITTEN IN 1640).

My pencil's gone, you may believe me,
And all my glowing colours fade;
Colours that never did deceive me,
When love or beauty gave me aid.

Fondly I gaze, my cares beguiling,
Enraptur'd on each varying hue
In this I see you, sweetly smiling,
In that your tenderest looks I view.

But human art, like pictur'd dreaming
Still flits, or unsubstantial flies:
This hour as ardent summer seeming,
The next as faded autumn dies!

No roseate hue of sweet effusion:
Your breathing blushes e'er can fix,
Despair declares my art illusion;
In vain each varied tint I mix.

Then, as my trembling pencil tries
To blend each heav'nly-mingled ray,
And snatch the light'ning for your eyes,
My colours fade, and die away!

For the Observer.

TO MISS ———

Who was about to leave this City.

Why dear ***** wilt thou leave
A place where thou'rt so much admir'd,
And in thy cruel flight bereave
Of joy, one who with love's inspired.

When first I saw thy charming eyes,
My bosom heav'd with conscious love,
And oft with deep and heavy sighs,
The lonely forest did I rove.

I hop'd in solitude to find
Relief from such excess of pain,
A balsam to my wounded mind.
Alas! the remedy was vain.

But if thou art resolv'd to part,
Remember, O remember one,
Who while life's current warms his heart,
Can never love but thee alone.

Give me a pledge of thy regard,
My dear, angelic, charming friend,
Which may my cruel fate retard,
And me from misery defend.

For the Observer.

ELEGY ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

'Tis pleasant to behold the infant bud,
Give the green promise of returning Spring;
To hear amid the yet unfoliag'd wood,
The birds congratulating Sonnets sing.

'Tis pleasant as our wandering steps advance,
Along the russet vale, or thorny steep,
In smiles awaking from their wintry trance,
To see the primrose, and the daisey peep.

No other period of the passing year,
E'er to my mind did such delight convey,
As that when Spring's gay heralds first appear—
Her birds, buds, flowers, bright skies and length'ning days.

Full oft, when life's youthful year was green,
My heart responsive to her tuneful train,
I sauntering thro' some lonely wood unseen,
Have raptures felt, no language can explain.

For then my mind no anxious cares possess'd,
Which still with manhood mix their base alloy;
'Twas spring—'twas peace and sunshine in my breast,
'Twas pure unclouded innocence and joy.

To be the foremost of the youthful ring,
That should a thrush or blackbirds nest descry,
To be the first to hear the cuckoo sing,
The landrail call, or see the swallow fly.

Such were the objects of my curious aim,
And these attained—more pleasures could impart
Than wealth's crown'd wish, or valours dear bought fame,
Than all th' atchievements of ambitious art.

But now the progress of unwearied time,
Which alters all that's mortal, as it flies,
Producing strange events in every clime,
Far different scenes and sentiments supplies.

Dire discord, thro' my country spreads alarms,
And proud foes threaten her once peaceful shore;
While Spring's sweet music's drowned in din of arms,
The trumpet's clangour, and the cannon's roar.

DROMORE, (Ireland) Feb. 19, 1798.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

EPIGRAM.

Bickerstaff once declared, should his wit e'er offend,
He would *quit* his position for—*no man*,
He adhered to his word—tho' 'tis true in the end,
He has *fled* from the wit of a *woman*.

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